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Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy."

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE, VERMONT

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A MEDIAEVAL LOVE STORY

(Original)

The Lady Agatha stood in the greenwood listening. She was the daughter of one with royal blood in his veins, and in such families it is well known that love plays no part in marriage. Yet love had come unbidden to the Lady Agatha, and she was playing with one of his sharp arrows. A young soldier came through the trees and joined her.

"Herbert!"

"Agatha!"

"I have bad news for you. My father announced to me today that I was to wed Count Alfred."

"The young man quailed as if struck by a blighting wind. To lose you, and to him, my bitter enemy?" he moaned.

"Herbert, be strong for my sake! And, throwing her arms about him, she wept on his shoulder.

"There is no hope."

"There is, Count Albert will not force me to marry him if I tell him that such a marriage would be repulsive to me."

"He will follow his inclination. Agatha, choose now between me and him. If you choose me, meet me here tomorrow evening at sunset and be ready to go with me. I have found favor with the king, who, if we are once married, will give me preeminence and his influence with your father."

She hesitated a moment, then whispered: "I am yours. I will meet you here."

That evening the earl, her father, summoned her to his apartments. There with him was the Count Alfred. "Agatha," said the earl, "this is your betrothed. I leave you with him, trusting that your first interview may result in your being mutually pleased with each other." With that he withdrew. Agatha threw herself at the count's feet.

"Your highness," she said, "I am going to trust myself to your mercy. I do not love you, I love another. Tell my father that you resign me."

"The man started, but controlled himself."

"What you ask is impossible. Our union will heal a breach between two important families. The king desires it."

"The man I would wed is in favor with the king. We will go to him for his consent."

"When?"

"Tomorrow evening. Give us but till then and all may be well with us."

"Give me your confidence, and I will help you."

Agatha gave the hour and place of meeting, but resolutely refused to give her lover's name. Then the count declared that he loved her too well to prevent her happiness.

"Noble man," exclaimed Agatha, "your place in my heart shall always

be next that of my lover."

"The count withdrew muttering, 'I have a delicate role to play.'"

The next morning Count Alfred told the earl of his interview and the Lady Agatha was locked in her room. At sunset Herbert repaired to the greenwood and waited impatiently. It was past the hour set and the twilight was deepening when a figure concealed in a long robe came toward him. He wondered how Agatha could look so tall. The figure came on and stopped before him. Then, suddenly, the robe was thrown off, revealing Count Alfred.

"I came," he said, "intending to conceal my identity, but since you are the man who friends to thrust yourself among those immeasurably above you I have stepped out of my disguise to give you the chastisement you merit."

"Nothing could be more welcome."

Both drew rapiers and placed themselves on guard. A full moon shone above the horizon, giving sufficient light to show the polished blades, which gave the sound of steel against steel. It was a short fight. Count Albert was accustomed to contempt for his inferiors in birth, but he was not so careful as his wont, but he was a good swordsman and fought well. Herbert fought with a hope that the issue might give him the girl he loved. At last a ray of moonlight reflected from his adversary's sword shone in Count Albert's eye, momentarily blinding him. Before he could recover Herbert's rapier had pierced his body. He would have fought on, but less of blood weakened him, and he sank down in a faint.

Herbert, turning from him, saw his robe lying near and, putting it on, went toward the castle. Boldly entering, he asked where was the Lady Agatha. "In a chamber in the round tower," was the reply. Going there, he saw a woman sitting at the door and demanded entrance.

"Certainly, your highness," replied the woman, who had seen Count Albert go off in the cloak she had herself provided, and she opened the door.

In a few minutes the man came out, dragging Agatha, who feigned to go unwillingly, and, making an exit, the two went to the greenwood, where Herbert had brought horses, and mounting before the eyes of the wounded man, who had sought to prevent them, rode till near midnight, when they drew rein in the courtyard of the king's palace.

"What's this, boy?" said the king when Herbert had secured an audience.

"An elopement, for which I crave your majesty's pardon and sanction."

And Herbert told the story of how he had won.

"We need young men of your pluck," said the king. "I will see what I can do for you."

The result was that the earl's consent was gained to the marriage of Herbert and Agatha, and Herbert was given the command of a company and later of a regiment of archers.

RACHEL ARMSTRONG.

The World of the West.

What know ye, who dwell at our easternmost verge.

Where on the Atlantic some pygmy states emerge.

Of lands lying westward, a limitless stretch.

Where jagged horizons the mountain peaks perch.

In purple and silver? What know you, I say?

Who live on the edge of the dawning of day.

Of western countries unplugged of puff?

Know you that the west is a world in itself?

"West"—what does it mean when you think of the word?

With mirth unprovoked you have probably heard.

The country that lies on this side of the stream.

That good old De Soto discerned in a dream.

You've heard people speak of the land that lies there.

As "west." Oh, you ignorant one, have a care!

Were cast blotted out it could live on alone.

The west with a sea, earth and sky all its own.

Somewhere in the unending reaches that lie

Beyond where the father of waters glides by.

The west has beginning (of end there is none).

And onward it swings with the sweep of the sun.

Its valleys unmeasured, its mountains unnamed.

Its rivers unfettered, its forests untamed.

Its deserts untrod save by pinyon or elf.

The west is a whole wondrous world in itself.

Sometime when the gods have been good to you take

Some coin from your hoard and a pilgrim's make

Out in that land that your fancy has drawn.

As something 'twould make a good, roomy back lawn.

Ride day after day—aye, and night after night.

Where unexplored wonder worlds surfeit the sight.

Then hide your old notions way back on a shelf

And own that the west is a world in itself.

—Baltimore American.

Five Chicago Firemen Hurt.

Chicago, Nov. 7.—While responding to an alarm of fire five firemen of a truck company were seriously injured here. The truck was struck by a passenger train on the Chicago and Northwestern railway. Two of the horses were instantly killed, and the wagon was demolished. Henry Busch and Henry Willard were the most severely injured, but their hurts are not serious.

Magistrate Murders a Farmer.

Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 7.—Magistrate Elijah Upton shot and killed Tom Stewart, a well to do farmer, at Richardsville, in this county. The shooting was the result of the issuing of a warrant by Squire Upton for Stewart's arrest upon the application of the latter's son, following a quarrel over politics.

A GIGANTIC MONUMENT

Remarkable Design of a Proposed Structure.

TO EXCEED ALL OTHERS IN HEIGHT

Professor Despradelle, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology Plans Splendid Shaft to the "Glory of the American People"—Height of Monument 1,500 Feet—Washington Suggested as the Most Natural Site.

The greatest monument the human mind has conceived and reduced to an architectural possibility since the tower of Babel exists in the carefully worked out plans of Professor Despradelle, chief of the architectural design department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for a splendid visible symbol to be erected "to the glory of the American people."

At present this remarkable design remains the practical expression of an architect's dream, "optimistic," to quote the designer's own statement of its ultimate purpose, "the vastness of American civilization." But despite its enormous cost, which would reach well into the millions, the idea of putting it into permanent steel and stone already has many enthusiastic supporters.

The height of the proposed monument is 1,500 feet, nearly three times that of the great pyramids of Egypt and only a little less than twice that of the famous Eiffel tower. The main shaft combines the heavy simplicity of the ancient obelisk with a living lightness and springiness of effect, typifying by the skillful arrangement of its gradually ascending base and the grouping about it of a number of uplifted pinnacles an "upward striving toward an inaccessible ideal." The base, which measures 225 feet square at the bottom of the central shaft, is a quarter of a mile in height, is nearly 20,000,000 cubic feet, and, considering the weight of good building stone to be 180 pounds to the cubic foot, there would be a pressure of forty-six tons to every square foot of earth beneath the finished shaft. To build it solid would therefore make it at once too heavy and too expensive; on the other hand, the wind pressure upon its enormous length would aggregate during winter gales hundreds of tons, so that to erect it of steel framing with a mere sheathing of stone, like a modern office building, would render it liable to be broken off or blown over bodily. It was necessary, therefore, to make another adjustment of differences, and the final plan shows a construction partly hollowed in galleries, for the sake of lightness, and comprising both steel and concrete in massive combination, with heavy stonework on the exterior. The result is a structure which, according to all architectural experience, would stand firmly, and the galleries, it has been further suggested, offer an opportunity for housing and displaying important national relics.

The site of the monument would naturally be at Washington. It has been estimated that the cost would amount to between \$12,000,000 and \$15,000,000, or about the price of three or four battleships, and its advocates have declared that it would be well worth the money, not only for its own beauty, but as an impressive exhibition of our wealth and power in the eyes of other and perhaps some time hostile nations.

After the wedding.

"But they told me you had money."

"And they bunked me into thinking you were rich."

"Well, what's to be done about it?"

"Let's fall in love just for spite!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Rexall Cold Tablets.

For Colds, La Grippe and Headache. A safe and speedy cure. Price, 19c. Red Cross Pharmacy.

PAYING OFF FREAK BETS

Election Losers Supply Fun For New Yorkers.

BROADWAY STROLLERS AMUSED.

Impersonator of Uncle Sam Trundles Gloating Winner in Wheelbarrow. Dancers From Sherry's and Delmonico's Hear Street Speech on "Attraction of Tammany"—Clubman Sells "Extras" on a Corner.

The men who bet on Mayor Low in the municipal election in New York have recently been doing their turns for the entertainment of the crowds along Broadway. The first performance took place the other night in Madison square about 9 o'clock, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. A young man wearing duck trousers, frock coat and a silk hat and smoking a cigarette was pushed around the streets in a wheelbarrow by a man disguised as Uncle Sam. Behind them a corps of losers marched to the tolling of a cornet, each with an "I Told You So" placard on his back. After circling the square they marched up Broadway to Forty-second street; then turned and returned to Madison square, with a large crowd following.

At the corner of Forty-fourth street and Fifth avenue a well known member of the Harvard club gathered a crowd of curious bystanders around him and discoursed on the delights of education and the attraction of Tammany. Several ladies became considerably interested. When the dancers from Sherry's and Delmonico's began to file out and join the circle, the crowd became a bit suspicious, but did not cease attention. At exactly 11 o'clock the speaker stopped in the midst of "I believe with Tammany; we should segregate the sexes," and started manily through the crowd for a Broadway car. The audience faded away sheepishly.

Under an elevated station at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue a well dressed man, who is not unknown in the clubs, appeared about midnight with a bunch of papers under his arm. With no apparent hesitancy he began to shout: "Here you are! Evening Tiger! All about the election!" Scarcely a passerby escaped him. In spite of the fact that the paper had a large glaring portrait of McCallahan and was dated Nov. 3, several persons purchased them, and the vendor pocketed the pennies without scruple. At 12:30 the man was still shouting: "Evening Tiger! All about the election!"

On Madison avenue a man suddenly appeared about 10 o'clock on stilts and started strolling down the street with a red lantern in one hand. A crowd of men and boys soon gathered and cheered him along. Several men in evening dress followed at a safe distance and now and then stopped and laughed heartily. The man walked as fast as he could, and when the crowd got too obstructive he stopped and leaned against a post and wiped his brow. There was a great deal of laughter and many derisive shouts from the onlookers, but every one seemed to understand the circumstances.

When the party in evening dress came up, one of them pointed his stick at the perspiring gentleman and said: "Now, today, your speech."

The man raised his lantern at attention and began very soberly:

"Ladies, I'm Demosthenes II. looking for an honest man. Those gentlemen there refuse to—"

Then he burst out with a laugh, jumped off his stilts and ran over toward the group.

"That's enough for once," he said.

The men clapped him on the back, and the crowd drifted away.

When asked the cause of the demonstration, one of the men said, "Why, Toddy bet Devery wouldn't get a vote in the Twenty-fifth."

A Garland Cult in Europe.

The Harpers have just been requested to send "Hesper" and other novels by Hamlin Garland to the Italian reviewer, which indicates further foreign interest in an American author already much honored abroad.

In Paris there is a Garland cult headed by Mme. Foulon de Vaulx, the wife of a French banker, who has translated into French Mr. Garland's "A Member of the Third House" and portions of "Main Traveled Roads." The last volume has already been done into German, where Sudermann, who has expressed a keen interest in Mr. Garland's work, has promised to write an introduction for it. It seems that between the opening of Sudermann's "Frau Sörg" and Garland's "Main Traveled Roads" there is a close resemblance. "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," his last novel preceding "Hesper," is now being put into German, while "The Little Norsk," "Jason Edwards" and "Prairie Folks" have already been translated into Norwegian.

RUSSIA.

There is one promise Russia is striving with all her might to keep. She promises to dominate the world.—New York News.

Russia is one of the coolest post-poners in the business. A law proof debtor could not be cooler about it.—Minneapolis Times.

It is now firmly believed that Russia will go so far in the interest of a pacific settlement as a promise to evacuate Korea at some date in the future.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Killing of Children on Altars Threatened by New Sect in Oregon.

There is grave danger that the "Hoio Roller," a new religious sect which is exciting Corvallis, Ore., will sacrifice human life on the altar, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"If God so wills his command will be obeyed," is the answer of the leaders when approached. It was rumored recently that a child had already been offered up in sacrifice, but the officers on investigation found the girl still alive.

The professors of the new religion say that they have withdrawn entirely from the earthly sphere and give it out as their purpose to have nothing whatever to do with the world. They burn pet animals and most of the furniture of the headquarters to "sanctify" it.

Heart Disease.

Fifty-six per cent of those dying from heart disease are over sixty years old.

Beetles.

Beetles as a species are absolutely destructive to fertility, both above and below the surface. Some families, such as the common cockchafer, actually undermine turf in such a way as to spoil whole fields of pasture.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

ARE YOU SORE? USE

Paracamp

Relieves Instantly or Money Refunded.

Muscular Rheumatism

Sore Muscles, Sore Joints and Neuralgia.

The only External Remedy which will Sweat Out the Fever and Inflammation.

Sold only in 25c., 50c. & \$1.00 Bottles. At all good Druggists.

Sold by D. F. DAVIS, "The Druggist," 262 North Main St., Barre, Vt.

CITY OF THE FUTURE.

A Denver View of its Principal Features.

Gigantic cities of the future there will be, but they will resemble Denver more than New York, says the Denver Post. The development of electric transportation will make the great city a chain of cities, built in the slightly and pleasant places, with plenty of air and space. In the experimental electric road between Zossen and Marienfelde, near Berlin, which has demonstrated a feasible speed of more than two miles a minute, is told the story of the city of the future.

At a speed of 130-25 miles an hour the hundred-ton car was as comfortably tense and smooth in its flight as the glide of the mile automobile American express trains. It is said that the terrific pressure of the air around the coach holds it in an embrace as the water holds a ship.

The demonstration at Berlin points to the abolition of the grade crossing, the creation of great highways with absolutely protected high speed roadbeds and the running of express trains from the business centers without stop to the various residence districts.

It will be unnecessary to build on rough and unsightly ground. The corners of modest wages will not be crowded into flats and tenements, but live in cottages. The tree, the vine, the flower will have a great revival. The great cost of land for homes will not be a factor to crowd and stunt and make misery.

LETTER FROM FILIPINO LAD

Written to Brother of His Teacher, Miss Cross of Alto Pass, Ill.

A letter forty feet long, written in a fine hand on a continuous sheet, was recently received by Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cross of Campbell Hill from their daughter, Miss Flora Cross, who is a schoolteacher in the Philippine Islands, says a special dispatch from Alto Pass, Ill., to the Chicago Record-Herald. A letter to Wallace Cross from a Filipino boy, one of Miss Cross' pupils, was inclosed with the forty footer and is as follows:

I write a letter to tell you about your picture. One day when I was to your sister's house she and I were speaking about English language. While we were speaking to your sister's house she showed me about your pleasant picture and your father, mother, brother and sister's picture; she showed to me also their pleasant pictures. She told me that one of your brother and one of your sister were married. She showed me also their pleasant pictures. When I saw your pleasant picture I was very glad and felt to love to you. For this reason I will study very well, because I wanted to visit with you. I wish to make friend with you if you will go here. Because I think you will visit your sister. For this reason I will be glad. If you receive my letter and I hope that you will answer to my letter.

PETER HENRY.

THEIR FIRST SNOWFALL.

Cuban Boys Thrilled by a Flurry of "the Beautiful."

A half dozen Cubans and Porto Ricans who are attending the Bloomsburg (Pa.) normal school recently enjoyed their first snowfall, and, though it was not enough to give them any real idea of what a Pennsylvania winter really is, the few drifting flakes were the first snow they had ever seen. They were out on the campus early in the morning when the news reached them that a snow flurry was coming over the mountains, and as they saw it sweep over the town they were thrilled and much interested.

American students who have built bonfires and been in countless snowball fights promise the southern schoolmates a genuine winter experience before long and tell them they will see more snow than they ever dreamed about.

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HARVARD'S CHEERIEST MAN

Arthur Small, Although a Cripple, Gets Constant Joy Out of Life.

Arthur E. Small of Melrose, Mass., though a cripple, is known as the most cheerful man at Harvard, says the New York Herald.

Small occupies a fine, handsomely appointed room in Thayer hall, is a good scholar, universally beloved for his genial disposition and is the owner of a cute little automobile built expressly for him and in which he rides to his lectures and takes long jaunts through the country surrounding Boston.

With a pair of crutches the young cripple will take several minutes climbing a flight of stairs to a recitation room his classmates would cover in a few bounds. Yet he is always on time and perhaps has a keener and more receptive mind for the effort it has cost him. Always good natured, always hopeful, Small takes a keen delight in his studies which those whose attention is distracted by other things cannot appreciate. He is not, however, a "grind." He takes a sharp interest in all branches of undergraduate activity and as a chauffeur exhibits a speed and recklessness not usually found in one so helpless as he.

His auto is a low buckboard, capable of making forty-five miles an hour. Built low to the ground, he can climb in and out easily, so that if he is going only 100 yards he utilizes it. But he also takes much longer trips and will sometimes be gone with some of his classmates until late at night. One evening recently he was out until midnight. All the gates are closed at 11, but his queer little auto stood in its customary place at the stone steps at the west entry of Thayer hall at 12 o'clock.

"It beats me," said Dan, the watchman, "how that boy got in." And it is a mystery to many more than Dan. A few people, however, know that the feat was really performed and know how, but they will not divulge the secret. It may be useful to themselves some time.

In his room in Thayer hall Small has everything that a student could wish. His father has fitted it up lavishly. It contains, among other things, a piano upon which Small is a clever performer. With these advantages, in spite of his misfortune, Small leads a happy, contented life and is a daily sermon to his fellow students, who, with all these advantages, allow trivial disappointments and failures to sour their lives.

SWAGGER STICKS IN VOGUE

Quite the Latest Wrinkle With Army Officers at Washington.

Neat little bamboo swagger sticks with silver trimmings are much affected these days by army officers at Washington, says the New York Herald. Now, if they only were the small, tight fitting caps of the Britisher one might imagine from the prevalence of the swagger stick on the well beaten paths between the war department and the Metropolitan and Army and Navy clubs that he was in some English barracks town. Of course the swagger stick is never carried except when the officer is in uniform.

In the Philippines the swagger stick is considered indispensable. There are still many officers here who decline to carry it.

New Medicine For Piles.

Miss Lizalie Burgess of Evanston, Ill., has used a new method of dealing with the man who flirts. "May I see you home?" asked a stranger the other evening. "Certainly," said the young woman. Instead of going home she started in the opposite direction and stopped in front of the Evanston police station. The man waited outside while she went in to see a friend. She stated the case to the sergeant in charge, and the undesirable escort spent the remainder of the night in a cell.

Gray as a Presidential Possibility.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup of Chicago while visiting Pittsburgh recently discussed the national political situation.

"Roosevelt is the natural candidate," said the judge. "Only a complete demoralization of industrial conditions could sidetrack him. Hanna could not land even if he wanted to. Still, if McKinley had lived Hanna probably would be the candidate. He is a great power. Judge George Gray of Delaware, in my opinion, will be the Democratic candidate. He is an able man and has the sympathy of the workingmen owing to his holding the chairmanship of the anthracite strike commission. What Democracy wants is a middle aged man who was born politically since 1860. Gray is such a man, but I am afraid a Democratic victory is a forlorn hope."

Six Dead at Iona Island.

Peekskill, N. Y., Nov. 6.—But one of the injured from the Iona Island explosion, Magazine Tender Dillon, is in the hospital here suffering from a fractured skull. His condition was not discovered for several hours after the fire was put out. Only six men are known here to be dead.